

THE INDIANA SOCIETY OF CHICAGO

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VERSES
AND
JINGLES

GEORGE ADE

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY



VERSES AND JINGLES

VERSES AND JINGLES

By
GEORGE LADE

. INDIANAPOLIS
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MAIN

EXPLANATION

AT last my verses are to be published! I would not trust them to a commercial publisher. Come to think of it, no commercial publisher has asked for them. Why? Because I am not suspected of being a poet, or a versifier or even a rhymester.

But — a newspaper writer feeding a hungry column, an eight-hour librettist answering the call for “extra numbers” and a college alumnus helping out on the annual, finds, in checking up the rush-and-tumble work of many years, that he has accumulated in his private archives quite a mess of something or other that cannot be filed under the head of “prose.”

Many of the items of merchandise filling these pages were prepared for various musical plays. Some were tried out and

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EXPLANATION

failed to satisfy the yearnings of the tired business man who happened to be in the theater that evening. Others were handed back to me as being too subtle or too frivolous or too something. Anyway they were handed back. Some of them were sung in public, but these will seem new, even to those who endeavored to hear them.

Most of them will be tagged and some dated—not that I would take advantage of the statute of limitations, but merely to let the reader know that I formed the habit early in life and could not overcome it immediately.

G. A.

VERSES AND JINGLES

VERSES AND JINGLES

R-E-M-O-R-S-E

From "The Sultan of Sulu."

The cocktail is a pleasant drink;
It's mild and harmless — I don't think!
When you've had one, you call for two,
And then you don't care what you do.
Last night I hoisted twenty-three
Of those arrangements into me.
My wealth increased, I swelled with pride,
I was pickled, primed, and ossified;
But R-E-M-O-R-S-E!
The water wagon is the place for me.
I think that somewhere in the game
I wept and told my maiden name.
At four I sought my whirling bed;
At eight I woke with such a head!
It is no time for mirth and laughter,
The cold, gray dawn of the morning after!

VERSES AND JINGLES

If ever I want to sign the pledge
It's the morning after I've had an edge;
When I've been full of the oil of joy,
And fancied I was a sporty boy!
The world was one kaleidoscope
Of purple bliss, transcendent hope.
But now I'm feeling mighty blue—
Three cheers for the W. C. T. U.!
R-E-M-O-R-S-E!
Those dry Martinis did the work for me;
Last night at twelve I felt immense,
To-day I feel like thirty cents.
My eyes are bleared, my coppers hot,
I'll try to eat, but I cannot.
It is no time for mirth and laughter,
The cold, gray dawn of the morning after!

WAYSIDE AMBITION

Chicago Record — 1895.

I want to be a brakeman,
Dog gone!
Legs hangin' over the edge of a flat car,
Train goin' 'bout twenty-five miles 'n hour,
Kickin' the dog-fennel 'long the track—
That's what a brakeman does.

VERSES AND JINGLES

I want to be a brakeman,

I jing!

Makin' the boys git off the platform,

Cussin' the drayman if the skids is lost.

Hollers, "Back 'er a len'th," and engineer has to —

That's a brakeman for ye!

No conductor for me, just a brakeman,

By hen!

Can make a couplin' on the dead run,

Has spring-bottom pants 'n' braid on his clothes,

Carries a lantern at night 'n' cap over his ears —

That's a brakeman, I'll tell ye!

I want to be a brakeman,

Geeminently!

Stand in with agents and op'rators,

Gits to Peru every night 'n' sees a show,

Knows the numbers of the trains, chaws tobacker —

He's a regular one, you bet!

'N' I want to be head brakeman,

Gol-lee!

Twistin' 'er hard, smoke rollin' 'round y'u,

Country people stoppin' work to look,

Girls wavin' at y'u all the way to Peru;

I'll be one, too, some day.

VERSES AND JINGLES

THE BOGUS MILITARY

Written for "Peggy from Paris." Sent back. Too personal.

I

Behold in each a warrior bold
With epaulets of gleaming gold;
With nodding plume and jeweled sword
Which only heroes can afford.
We tremble not at war's alarms
We disregard each call to arms;
At bloodshed we can loudly laugh —
We're Colonels on the Governor's staff.
We're on the Governor's staff.

CHORUS

Oh, the bogus military
Is a wondrous sight to see;
Napoleon in his glory
Was never one — two — three.
We can fight all night
And attack on sight
A bowl of deadly punch;
And when the dishes rattle,
We engage in deadly battle

VERSES AND JINGLES

With a bang-up champagne lunch.
Hooray!
The bogus military men!

II

The only smoke we've seen as yet
Arises from a cigarette,
And it has always been our boast
We never quail except on toast.
Dyspepsia is our only foe;
The only shot that we may know,
The snap-shot of the photograph;
We're Colonels on the Governor's staff.
We're on the Governor's staff.

THE COLLEGE WIDOW

*Printed in 1890 in "The Souvenir," a volume issued by
the Sigma Chi chapter at Purdue University.*

When I was but a Freshman — and that was long
ago —
I saw her first, but did not learn her name.
She was at a lecture, I believe, in the first or second
row,
And the Junior with her seemed to be her flame.

VERSES AND JINGLES

He held her fan all evening and gazed into her eyes;

Thought I, "Now they're engaged, or soon will be;"

But afterward they quarreled, as I learned with some surprise,

When the faculty conferred on him G. B.

That very spring a rumor in the college circles spread,

That a Senior had her young affections snared,
And after he had graduated then the two would wed;

'Twas even said her *trousseau* was prepared.

It didn't come to pass at all; when I returned next fall,

She had a young professor on the string;
He used to send her flowers, and frequently would call,

And kindly turn her music when she'd sing.

The prof received an offer from some college in the east,

And left quite unexpectedly one day;

Within a week the charmer wasn't grieving in the least,

When I saw her with a Freshman at the play.

She had a gay flirtation with a special, taking art;

VERSES AND JINGLES

I went with him to call, one Sunday night;
He kindly introduced me, then I played a villain's
part,
For I made a mash, and knocked him out of sight.

O, charming college widow, I never can forget
The night when you put on my college pin;
I pressed your hand and told you that the act you'd
not regret,
And you said you'd stick to us through thick and
thin.
I remember still the picnics and that moonlight
promenade,
Just the night before I paid for my degree,
When we interchanged such sacred vows, and dec-
larations made
That we'd love each other through eternity.

I heard from you quite often — I liked your letters,
too —
They were spicy and chuck full of college news;
But the interval between them soon became a month
or two,
And our courtship seemed its interest to lose;
I didn't write for full three months, and one day
I received
By express, collect, each love-stick *billet doux*,

VERSES AND JINGLES

And though I swore that I had been both jilted
and deceived,

I returned your letters, paid the charges, too!

.

Last commencement I revisited the scenes of college life;

Six years had brought about a wondrous change.
I knew a few professors, who were glad to meet
my wife,

But the students all seemed out of place and
strange.

There was little to recall to me the olden time so
sweet,

And so it was a pleasure, you may know,
At the field day exercises, unexpectedly to meet
An acquaintance of the happy long ago.

She looked but little older, her laugh was just as
gay;

Beside her was a gallant Sophomore
Who held her parasol aloft and gushed in just the
way

That doubtless I had gushed in days of yore.
I merely tipped my hat, I feared to introduce my
wife,

For I knew that some remark might lightly fall,
Revealing to my better half a chapter of my life,
Which I'd rather she should not suspect at all.

VERSES AND JINGLES

THE MICROBE'S SERENADE

*Written for "The Sho-Gun." Returned by comedian.
Too polysyllabic.*

A love-lorn microbe met by chance
At a swagger bacteroidal dance,
A proud bacillian belle, and she
Was first of the animalculae.
Of organisms saccharine,
She was the protoplasmic queen;
The microscopical pride and pet
Of the biological smartest set;
And so this infinitesimal swain
Evolved a pleading, low refrain:
"Oh, lovely metamorphic germ!
What futile scientific term
Can well describe thy many charms?
Come to these embryonic arms!
Then hie away to my cellular home
And be my little diatome."

His epithelium burned with love;
He swore by molecules above
She'd be his own gregarious mate
Or else he would disintegrate.
This amorous mite of a parasite
Pursued the germ both day and night,

VERSES AND JINGLES

And 'neath her window often played
This Darwin-Huxley serenade —
He'd warble to her ev'ry day,
This rhizopodical roundelay:
"O, most primordial type of spore!
I never saw your like before,
And though a microbe has no heart
From you, sweet germ, I'll never part;
We'll sit beneath some fungus growth
Till dissolution claims us both."

THE WOMAN WITH AN ORDINARY PAST

Written for "The Old Town." Sent back. Too biographical.

I

The folks in Section A
Who watch a problem play
Of the kind C. F. imports for Ethel Barrymore
Will pity quite a lot
Poor Sadie in the plot
Who has such a load of grief she couldn't carry
more.
At present she is most discreet
She's pale and wan and sad and sweet;

VERSES AND JINGLES

But once she went a trifle fast —

This woman with a past.

This woman with a past is quite engaging

In plays by Mister Henry Arthur Jones

We look at her with streaming eyes;

We very deeply sympathize

When she relates her sins in melting tones.

Now I've a past of quite another color;

In humble walks of life my lot was cast;

I've nothing sinful to confess

I've been too well-behaved, I guess,

The woman with an ordinary past.

II

There's no poetic charm

In living on a farm,

If you can't be lured away by some Lothario.

The girl who sticks at home,

With villains does not roam,

She can never break into a real scenario.

I've not endured the tragic woes

Dealt out by men in evening clothes;

What chance have I to head the cast?

I have no spotted past.

The woman with a past is fascinating

She enters and the others fade away,

But one who's led the simple life

Till she becomes a lawful wife

III

VERSES AND JINGLES

Cuts mighty little figure in a play.
I ran a boarding house till I was thirty
Connected with a bank account at last;
No need of taking up your time;
I've not committed any crime —
I'm sorry, but I haven't got a past.

III

I've never learned as yet
To smoke a cigarette
Or to wear a gown that's very much *decolle-tay*.
I don't know how to drape
My simple western shape
In a clinging gown of most expensive quality.
I've got a man I call my own;
I leave all other men alone;
My reputation you can't blast;
I haven't any past.

The woman with a past gets in the papers
With pictures of the men that she has known,
But one without her first divorce
Has not a claim on fame, of course;
The scandal sheets all leave her quite alone.
Her life is quite devoid of all excitement;
She never sets the social world aghast;
Oh, pity the unhappy lot
Of one whose life's without a blot —
The woman with an ordinary past.

VERSES AND JINGLES

LEAVE IT TO THE BOYS IN THE NAVY

From "The Fair Co-Ed."

I

From the rousing times of old Paul Jones
Down to the present day,
There's one good toast we all can boast
If we live in the U. S. A.
When the lights are up and the music swells
And the waxen floor it gleams,
Each maiden fair says, "Where, oh where
Is the hero of my dreams?"
Up steps the neat little midy,
Up steps the gay cadet,
Broad of shoulder, he can hold her
In a way she won't forget.
The Annapolis style of dancing
Is the one the girls all like
With partners in demand
Civilians cannot land —
Leave it to the boys in the navy.

II

Decatur kept the flag on high
And Farragut never quit;

VERSES AND JINGLES

Old Fighting Bob while on the job
Was full of nerve and grit.
At the present day we've heroes still,
They're never known to stop,
When cold champagne comes down like rain
They never miss a drop.
Up come the men from the squadron,
Up to the banquet hall;
Meet all comers — they are hummers;
Never a one will fall.
Off in the foreign countries,
Where they are wined and dined,
They answer each request
And finish with the rest —
Leave it to the boys in the navy.

III

When Teddy told the navy boys
To sail around the world,
Till every land would understand
Our flag was still unfurled;
The weaklings were beset by fear,
But not the boys in blue.
Through stormy straits they braved the fates
And brought each vessel through.
Here's to the men who are sailing
Far in the distant seas;
They're not boasting — simply coasting,

VERSES AND JINGLES

Learning their A, B, C's.
A cheer for the men on the flag-ship,
For the little gun-boat, too.
When work is to be done,
Or when there's any fun,
Leave it to the boys in the navy.

IV

We don't go looking for a scrap;
We're friendly as can be,
But we sleep each night with hearts more light
When we count our ships at sea.
There have been wars, there may be wars,
When the crowding nations meet:
We'll sit back tight — be sure we're right,
And then turn loose the fleet.
Trust to the men in the navy,
Commodore to cadet;
Strong and steady, always ready,
Never have failed us yet.
They shoot very straight in the navy
And they don't know how to run
From any sort of fellow, whether white or whether
yellow —
Leave it to the boys in the navy.

VERSES AND JINGLES

THE CULLUD RACE

Written for "The City Chap." Sent back. Too long.

The 'Publican Party — the Democratic,
An' the daily papers, too,
Have asked in a manneh most emphatic
What the cullud race will *do*.
Will the Aff'o-American population
Keep growin' at such a rate
That by and by they'll rule the nation
An' control most ev'ry state?
The statesmen up in Washington
This problem soon must face;
It seems to worry ev'ry one
Excep' the cullud race.

We're from Af'icuh — 'ats the white man's veh-
sion;

We was careless an' we got caught,
But we didn't come heah on no excuhsion,
We come becuz we was *brought!*
We labored hard on the old plantation,
An' we neveh traveled fah,
But we hoped and prayed for Emancipation
An' a job on a Pullman cah.
You turned us free, you said to us,

VERSES AND JINGLES

“ Your culluh’s no disgrace.”
So if we’re heah you must not cuss
The humble cullud race.

When a coon tries to enteh some profession
The white man hollers, “ Stop!
You’re gettin’ fresh; it’s my impression
You belong in a bahbeh shop.”
But s’pose there hadn’t been rag-time musicians —
What *would* the white folks sing?
And how would actors hold their positions
If they didn’t do buck an’ wing?
You little guess how much you owe
To ’e man with the chahcoal face —
You’d neveh had a minstrel show
Excep’ for the cullud race.

We commit some wrongs — in the cohts it’s written
That we’ve stole an’ sometimes lied;
But you neveh heard of a coon committin’
Such a crime as *suicide*.
We may be pooh, down-trodden creatures,
But many a millionaire
Would like to have our smilin’ features
An’ a life as free from care.
With pickaninnies just enough
An’ youh wife employed some place,
Three meals a day — it ain’t so tough
To belong to the cullud race.

VERSES AND JINGLES

WHAT MAN DARE SAY? ✓

Written for "The Old Town." Sent. back. Too sentimental.

What man dare say that he is quite immune
From charms and spells that ev'ry girl possesses?
A budding love is like the warmth of June,
That lulls and dulls his senses ere he guesses;
Yet who should seek to fly from such attack?
Though stricken sore, I hold my charmer blameless;

My truant heart I would not summon back,
I leave it in the care of one who's nameless.

He jests at scars who never felt the blow
That comes when love first smites and sends him
reeling;

The stinging arrow speeds and brings him low,
While pain and pleasure blend in that new feeling.

I care not if the wound will never heal;
My weakness I proclaim in manner shameless;
I'll never see her more and yet I feel,
I'll love thro' all the years the one who's nameless.

VERSES AND JINGLES

CRIME IS MERELY A DISEASE ✓

Written for "The Sho-Gun." Sent back. Too satirical.

The criminal of other days
Was tortured in outlandish ways;
Upon the rack they'd break his back
Or at the stake they'd burn him.
Sometimes they'd strap him to a wheel
And stretch him till he'd loudly squeal;
Nor heed his pitiful appeal,
As on the spikes they'd turn him.
But crime is merely a disease;
Each scientific mind agrees;
We're kind to all offenders in our day;
For the burglar who would kill us
Has been stung by a bacillus,
So we dose him up and send him on his way.

To-day if you commit a crime,
You have a most delicious time;
A wagon blue will carry you
To a large stone institution.
The clerk assigns you to a suite,
With *chiffonier* and window seat,
An iron bedstead, trim and neat
And a sign: "No persecution."

VERSES AND JINGLES

For crime is merely a disease;
Our jail officials strive to please;
They humbly come and ask you, "Did you ring?"
Humanitarian methods sweet
Have made each pen a glad retreat
And Newport's no more pleasant than Sing Sing.

Within our jails is often met
The most exclusive social set:
The bank cashier, a financier,
Who has a way that's taking;
The man whose auto speed was high,
The one whose alimony's shy,
And college lads, who often try
Their hands at window breaking.
For crime is merely a disease,
Or else such lovely folks as these
Would never be connected with a crime.
It's getting to be quite a fad
To pay a fine for being bad;
It's no disgrace to serve a little time.

If you have tried in vain to know
The leaders of the social show,
To the county jail you straightway go,
On a charge of kleptomania.
Attractive ladies bring to you
Fresh roses every day or two;

VERSES AND JINGLES

They hold your hand if you feel blue,
And there's nothing said to pain you.
For crime is merely a disease
And so the woman's club decrees
That jailbirds must be coddled and caressed.
The bold and wicked hold-up men
Get chummy with the upper ten,
The convict has become an honored guest.

THE SMILING ISLE

*From "The Sultan of Sulu." Sung by Mr. Frank Moulan
as the Sultan.*

I

We have no daily papers
To tell of Newport capers,
No proud four hundred to look down on ordinary
folk;
No Scotch imported liquors,
No Stock Exchange and tickers
To lure us on with rosy hopes and some day
land us broke;
We've not a single college
Where youth may get a knowledge
Of chorus girls and cigarettes, of poker and the
like;

VERSES AND JINGLES

No janitors to sass us,

No bell-boys to harass us,

And we've never known the pleasure of a labor-union strike.

II

We have no prize-fight sluggers,

No vaudevillian muggers,

No one of us has ever shot the chutes or looped the loop;

No cable-cars or trolleys,

No life-insurance jollies,

No bank cashiers to take our money 'ere they fly the coop;

No bookies and no races,

No seaside summer places;

No Bertha Clays and Duchesses to make the females cry;

We have no dairy lunches,

Where they eat their food in bunches,

And we don't insult our stomachs with the thing they call mince-pie.

III

We have no short-haired ladies

Who are always raising Hades

With their finical and funny old reformatory fads;

VERSES AND JINGLES

No ten-cent publications,
Sold at all the railway stations,
With a page or two of reading and a hundred
stuffed with ads;
We never chew in Sulu
Any pepsin gum or tolu —
In fact, we're not such savages as some of you
might think;
And during intermission,
We always crave permission,
Before we walk on other people just to get a
drink.

IV

We have no politicians,
And under no conditions
Do we tolerate the fraud who cures by laying on
of hands;
We have no elocutionists,
No social revolutionists,
No amateur dramatics, and no upright baby
grands;
We don't play golf and tennis,
And we never know the menace
Of a passing fad or fancy that may turn the na-
tion's head;
I'm proud of my dominion

VERSES AND JINGLES

When I voice the bold opinion
That we'll never know the tortures of a patent
folding-bed.
And that is why, you'll understand,
I love my own, my native land,
My little isle of Sulu,
Smiling isle of Sulu!
I'm not ready to say good-by;
I'm mighty sorry that I have to die.

THE MODERN JAPANESE

From "The Old Town."

We figured once on fans and screens —
We figure now on the Philippines.
It's not the style to pat my head;
The white man shakes my hand instead.
I once was a cute little joke of a Jap,
But now I'm a fierce little war-making chap,
And nobody's really anxious to scrap,
With the modern Japanese.

Since Gilbert wrote of Nanki-Pooh,
We've moved along a peg or two:
You thought that we were acrobats,
You find us high-browed diplomats.

VERSES AND JINGLES

We've a government very much like your own,
Our Mikado sits on a golden throne,
Over here Mister Morgan rules alone,
Like the modern Japanee.

Jap, oh Jap, oh Japanee,
I'd rather fight than drink my tea;
Brown as a berry, busy as a bee,
Ichi ban! Ichi ban! Japanee.
My flag is found on ev'ry sea;
The Russian and the tough Chinee,
Can tell a lot regarding me,
Banzai! Hoopla! Japanee!

KEEP YOUR WHIP IN YOUR HAND

Written for "The Old Town." Sent back. Too figurative.

Each man is like a noble steed;
When he's a colt I take him;
I lock him up and watch his feed,
In course of time I break him.
I hitch him to my little cart,
I hold the reins above him,
Flick lightly on some tender part,
To let him know I love him.

VERSES AND JINGLES

Then to the road, the public road, where ev'ry one
may see,

What a big and beautiful, well-groomed animal
now belongs to me!

Don't let him balk! Don't let him walk!

Give him to understand,

You have the say, he's to obey,

And keep the whip in your hand.

Each man is like a noble steed,

He's proud of his position,

And thinks because he's in the lead,

He runs the expedition.

Some one may envy you the brute,

And steal him, if they're able;

So ev'ry night, if you are cute,

You'll lock him in the stable.

The boulevard, so smooth and hard, is where you
work him out,

But keep the blinders on him so that he can't look
about.

Don't let him jump,— give him a thump;

Prove that you have the sand;

Show that you're game, he will be tame,

And learn to eat from your hand.

Crack! crack! Clickety clack!


Don't let him stumble or loaf or slack!

Crack! crack! Steady, Jack!

Keep the boy in the beaten track.

VERSES AND JINGLES

Whoa, boy! Slow, boy!
Gently give your command;
He will mind, if you're kind,
But keep your whip in your hand!

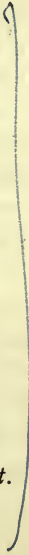
YELLOW! YELLOW! 

THE POET OF THE NEW SCHOOL SPEAKS

Chicago Record — 1898.

I'm great and
I know it.
People can't understand me.
I can't understand myself.
I don't want to.
If I did understand myself
I wouldn't be great.
Listen now:

*"The moon reels and the
Phantom passes twice and thrice
The death damp hand
Across my brow.
O what of joy?
O what of grief?
Darkness — blank — a sob in the throat.
O phantom, phantom, phantom!"*



VERSES AND JINGLES

Pretty good, eh?
Especially if it has
Some little, smudgy, inky
Pictures strung along the edges.
I used to write about
Men and women, back yards,
Plain courtships, flowers and other things
That people understood.
Now I write lines that have
No meaning, because they are
Fragments of dreams that
Were never dreamt.

*"A soul writhed long
In its purple belongings.
O drip of blood!
O drip of blood!
Caught up in the wan hand of sleep
And clotted with the dawn."*

Do you notice the "O"—
The upper-case "O"?
I use that a great deal.
If anyone will tell me
What I am writing about
I will let him smoke my
Opium pipe all afternoon.
These little, twisted,
Ugly, whirligig pictures

VERSES AND JINGLES

Have nothing to do with
The lines I am writing.
If I tell about a midnight trance,
I have a picture of a sunrise.
If the lines mention something
About a maiden with snaky hair
The picture is that of a demon
With a forked tail.
This is genius.
The world didn't find it out
Until last year.
There are but two colors
In all this world — yellow
And another shade of yellow.
I am very yellow myself,
But people say I am great.
I write my stuff on yellow paper
And use yellow ink.
Excuse me for awhile;
I'm full of hop.

SCOTCH STUFF

From "The Old Town."

Scotch stuff has come to stay,
Now the burr drives out the brogue;
Here in the U. S. A.
The "hoot mon" is in vogue.

VERSES AND JINGLES

Hail to the canny Scot,
He'll get what's to be got.

Scotland! Home of bag-pipes and dances,
Also of golf and the smoky high-ball;
How we love your plays and romances;
Although we don't understand them at all!
Scotland! Home of thistle and heather,
Land of the cap set off with a feather,
Upland moors and blustery weather,
Various clans we do not recall.
Scotland! Home of lasses and laddies,
All of them sweet as the lilies in spring;
Links and bunkers, fozzles and caddies,
Loudly for you we sing,
To you our tribute bring;
From the land of Burns and Barrie,
Edinburgh Review and Harry!
We welcome you!
We welcome you!

SINCE I FIRST MET YOU

From "The Sultan of Sulu."

I am a dashing, gay Lothario;
I've a reputation as a gallant beau;
Courting pretty girls is a habit hard to break;
I'm a bold coquette and rather reckless rake.

VERSES AND JINGLES

I've told my love to many a girl,
But never a word was true,
For my passion intense, it was a mere pretense
Until I encountered you.

I've been courting many, many times;
In the most exclusive circles I'm a pet —
Writing little notes, and inditing tender rhymes
To the maids of ev'ry station that I've met.
I've sworn that each was my first love,
But never a word was true,
For I never knew bliss of a kind like this,
Until I encountered you.

Since I first met you,
Since I first met you,
The open sky above me seems a deeper blue;
Golden, rippling sunshine warms me through and
through,
Each flower has a new perfume,
Since I met you!

FOOLISH WEDDING BELLS

From "The Sultan of Sulu."

When you are feeling out of gear
And blue as indigo;
The world devoid of any cheer,
Your spirits rather low;

VERSES AND JINGLES

Now this is what you ought to do, and that without
delay:

Go seek the matrimonial mart — get married right
away.

For men they come, and men they go,
Don't wait until to-morrow;
For those who wait too long may know
A spinster's lot is sorrow.
Shut your eyes! grab a prize!
Choose a male at the bargain sale.
To single joys your last farewells,
And ring those foolish wedding-bells.

IL JANITORO ✓

*An attempt to treat a modern dramatic incident according
to the approved methods of grand opera. First printed
in The Chicago Record.*

[*Mr. and Mrs. Tyler are seated in their apartment
on the fifth floor of the Behemoth residential flat
building. Mrs. Tyler arises, places her hand on
her heart, and moves to the center of the room.
Mr. Tyler follows her, with his right arm ex-
tended.*]

Mrs. Tyler:

I think I smell smoke.

VERSES AND JINGLES

Mr. Tyler:

She thinks she smells smoke.

Mrs. T.:

I think I smell smoke.

Mr. T.:

Oh. What is this? She says she thinks she
smells smoke.

Mrs. T.:

What does it mean, what does it mean?
This smell of smoke may indicate
That we'll be burned — oh-h-h, awful fate!

Mr. T.:

Behold the smell grows stronger yet,
The house is burning, I'd regret
To perish in the curling flames;
Oh. Horror! horror!! horror!!!

Mr. and Mrs. T.:

Oh, sad is our lot, sad is our lot,
To perish in the flames so hot,
To curl and writhe and fry and sizz,
Oh, what a dreadful thing it is
To think of such a thing!

Mrs. T.:

We must escape!

Mr. T.:

Yes, yes, we must escape!

VERSES AND JINGLES

Mrs. T.:

We have no time to lose.

Mr. T.:

Ah, bitter truth, Ah, bitter truth,
We have no time to lose.

Mr. and Mrs. T.:

Sad is our lot, sad is our lot,
To perish in the flames so hot — etc.

Mr. T.:

Hark, what is that?

Mrs. T.:

Hark, what is that?

Mr. T.:

It is the dread alarm of fire.

Mrs. T.:

Ah, yes, ah, yes, it is the dread alarm.

Mr. T.:

The dread alarm strikes on the ear
And chills me with an awful fear.
The house will burn, oh, can it be
That I must die in misery,
That I must die in misery,
The house will burn, oh, can it be
That I must die in misery?

Mrs. T.:

Come, let us fly!

VERSES AND JINGLES

Mr. T.:

'Tis well. 'Tis well. We'll fly at once.

(Enter all the other residents of the fifth floor.)

Mr. T.:

Kind friends, I have some news to tell.

This house is burning, it were well

That we should haste ourselves away

And save our lives without delay.

Chorus:

What is this he tells us?

It must be so;

The building is on fire

And we must go.

Oh, hasten, oh, hasten, oh, hasten away,

Our terror we would not conceal,

And language fails to express the alarm

That in our hearts we feel.

Mr. and Mrs. T.:

Ah, language fails to express the alarm

That in their hearts they feel.

(Enter the Janitor.)

Janitor:

Hold, I am here.

Mr. T.:

Ah, it is the Janitoro.

Mrs. T.:

Can I believe my senses

VERSES AND JINGLES

Or am I going mad?
It is the Janitoro,
It is indeed the Janitoro.

Janitor:

Such news I have to tell.

Mr. T.:

Ah, I might have known
He has such news to tell.

Mrs. T.:

Speak and break the awful suspense.

Mrs. T.:

Yes, speak.

Janitor:

I come to inform you
That you must quickly fly
The fearful blaze is spreading,
To tarry is to die.
The floors underneath you
Are completely burned away,
They cannot save the building,
So now escape I pray.

Mrs. T.:

Oh, awful message
How it chills my heart.

Janitor:

The flames are roaring loudly,
Oh, what a fearful sound!

VERSES AND JINGLES

You can hear the people shrieking
As they jump and strike the ground.
Oh, horror overtakes me,
And I merely pause to say
That the building's doomed for certain
Oh, haste, oh, haste away.

Mrs. T.:

Oh, awful message.
How it chills my heart.
Yet we will sing a few more arias
Before we start.

Mr. T.:

Yes, a few more arias and then away.

Chorus:

Oh, hasten, oh, hasten, oh, hasten away, etc.,
etc.

Mrs. T.:

Now, e'er I retreat,
Lest death o'ertakes me
I'll speak of the fear
That convulses and shakes me.
I sicken to think what may befall,
Oh, horror! horror!! horror!!!

Mr. T.:

The woman speaks the truth,
And there can be no doubt
That we will perish soon
Unless we all clear out.

VERSES AND JINGLES

Chorus:

Oh, hasten, oh, hasten, oh, hasten away, etc.,
etc.

(But why go further? The supposition is that they continued the dilatory tactics of grand opera and perished in the flames.)

THE CHAPERON

From "The Fair Co-Ed."

The very first duty of a chaperon
Is to leave the young folks quite alone;
Permitting them to sit up late
In twos and twos and *tête-à-tête* —
Whatever that may mean.
When a giddy old girl is on the shelf
And can't have any more fun herself,
It gives her a certain kind of thrill
To know that others are in it still.

A good professional chaperon
No breach of etiquette will condone,
And yet if she is fly she'll know
To hang around would be *de trop* —
Whatever that may mean.
Although I'm old and quite *passé*
I was a lulu in my day;

VERSES AND JINGLES

Each girl has a right to a private squeeze
But she must not sit on a gentleman's knees.

I love to chaperon a bunch
Of beautiful buds, and I've a hunch
The reason they all send for me —
It's because I'm gay as I used to be,
'Way back in the summer of eighty-three —
Sing hey for the chaperon!

WEAK LITTLE WOMAN

From "The Old Town."

I speak for poor little woman —
Please do not turn away;
Oh, mighty man, do what you can,
Our misery to allay.
Just think how it makes us suffer
To watch a procession go past,
And not have a right to march half the night
And bring home a package at last.
You give us lovely pearls in strings,
You buy us rings and other things;
I've even heard of wealthy chaps,
Who go as far as sable wraps.
But when for ballots we insist,
We'd rather not be hugged and kissed;

VERSES AND JINGLES

Tho' once a little house-hold pet,
I'm now a fighting suffragette.

I plead for weak little woman —

She's but a captive bird;

Tho' called a wife, locked up for life,

She never dares say a word;

I plead for down-trodden woman,

The slave of a tyrant called man;

He loves her so much, he'll stand for a touch,

But keeps her at home — if he can.

You've petted us, you've fondled us,

When you see us you make a fuss,

You've crowned us as the queens of earth

You've blown yourselves for all you're worth;

But darn the diadem on my brow!

I want a vote and want it now;

And you can't smother my regrets

With motor cars and violets.

Shoulder to shoulder, sisters!

Wait for emancipation day!

Fight for the right, until the light

Drives ev'ry cloud away!

Shoulder to shoulder, sisters!

Up with the flying petticoat!

Stand by your gun, man's on the run,

You've got a right to vote!

VERSES AND JINGLES

YOUR HONEYMOON WILL LAST

I

From "The Sho-Gun."

She:

When I settle with my hubby
In our little home,
He must not be wild and clubby,
He must never roam.

He:

For a change you will be pleading
If he spends his time in reading,
Some excitement you'll be needing,
If he stays at home.

She:

But if I've an invitation
To some gay affair,
He must show an inclination
To escort me there.

He:

If he comes home feeling dreary,
Says your friends all make him weary,
Won't go out with little deary,
What a happy pair!

VERSES AND JINGLES

Both:

To each there's some objection,
No man is quite perfection,
For some are slow and others go
A pace that's very fast.
So take them as you find them.
If they have faults, don't mind them;
Just let him have his own sweet way,
And your honeymoon will last.

II

She:

I have always had a notion
That the man for me
Should exhibit a devotion
Boundless as the sea.

He:

Students of the subject tell us
Loving men are always jealous;
Modern, up-to-date Othellos,
Foolish as can be.

She:

If to others he's attentive
I will never care;
Constant love shall be preventive,
Watching ev'ry snare.

VERSES AND JINGLES

He:

But when widow amatory
Leads him to conservatory,
Then you'll tell a diff'rent story!
What a happy pair!

Both:

To each there's some objection,
No man is quite perfection,
For some delight to flirt each night
With widows that are fast.
So take them as you find them.
If they have faults, don't mind them;
Just let him have his own sweet way,
And your honeymoon will last.

III

She:

I have read a ladies journal,
Reeking with advice;
How to make his love eternal,
Home a paradise.

He:

Sugar as a steady diet,
Won't digest and those who try it
Often finish with a riot!
Wouldn't that be nice?

VERSES AND JINGLES

She:

When domestic thunders rumble,
I shall stroke his hair;
Sweet, submissive, meek and humble,
Fond beyond compare.

He:

I'm informed that husbands vary,
Soft caresses capillary,
Sometimes make them more contrary;
What a happy pair!

Both:

To each there's some objection,
No man is quite perfection,
For some insist they shan't be kissed,
When love's young dream is past.
So take them as you find them.
If they have faults, don't mind them;
Just let him have his own sweet way,
And your honeymoon will last.

IV

She:

One point I'm not overlooking,
Every girl should know,
How to supervise the cooking,
It will please him so.

VERSES AND JINGLES

He:

Of your efforts he won't speak well,
Mother's cooking you can't equal,
What a most unhappy sequel,
When your cake is dough.

She:

I'll be patient for a season,
Try — and not despair,
If he blames me without reason,
Then let him beware.

He:

When some recipe you borrow,
He will fill your heart with sorrow,
Saying, "Let's dine out to-morrow!"
What a happy pair!

Both:

To each there's some objection,
No man is quite perfection,
He's hard to please from soup to cheese,
A real iconoclast.
So take them as you find them.
If they have faults, don't mind them;
Just let him have his own sweet way,
And your honeymoon will last.

VERSES AND JINGLES

V

She:

Lest my afternoons seem lonely,
Friends shall call on me;
They shall meet my own and only,
He shall pour the tea.

He:

Five o'clocks he'll soon be scorning;
If he finds out in the morning,
What is coming, he'll give warning,
"None of that for me."

She:

I shall win by tactics clever,
To him, I'll declare,
"At your poker games, I'll never
Fail to be right there."

He:

When the men are playing poker,
If a woman joins the smoker,
They are mad enough to choke her!
What a happy pair!

Both:

To each there's some objection,
No man is quite perfection,
If she is bright she'll serve all night
A very wet repast.

VERSES AND JINGLES

So take them as you find them.

If they have faults, don't mind them;

Just let him have his own sweet way,

And your honeymoon will last.

"THE LA GRIPPE"

Written for the Purdue University "Souvenir"—1890.

I am not hypercritical on points of punctuation;

A misplaced comma now and then is surely not
a sin;

I overlook the sundry breaks of common conver-
sation

And do my wincing inwardly when some "I
seen" creeps in.

To wretched double negatives some friends are
quite addicted;

They knife the good King's English and then
revel in its gore;

These crude idiosyncrasies are never contradicted,
For I would not seem pedantic or appear a
learned bore.

Yet the whiskered proverbs tell us, and I know they
tell us truly,

That forbearance as a virtue cannot always be
construed,

VERSES AND JINGLES

And the camel's dorsal vertebrae, if weighted down
unduly,

Will sustain a compound fracture with a fatal
promptitude;

And when a college maiden, intellectual and charming,

Sends me a little perfumed note, regretful in its
tone,

"To learn that all your symptoms are especially
alarming,

And the doctor fears that the 'la grippe' has
claimed you for its own";

Then I howl and curse a little, and I stamp upon
the letter,

And I boil with indignation to think that any
one,

Who long has studied French, should not, apparently,
know better

Than to write it "the la grippe," when but one
"the" would have done.

A break like this affects me in a manner almost
fatal,

'Tis even worse that the "la grippe"—
Hevings! I have gone and done it myself!

VERSES AND JINGLES

THE COLLEGE SERENADE

From "The Fair Co-Ed."

When the chapel bell struck the midnight hour
And the campus lay asleep,
We'd count the strokes from the ivy tower,
Then out from our dens we'd creep;
And the guiding star in the lonely night
For all of that rollicking crew,
As it gleamed afar — 'twas the signal light
Where she waited for me and you.

Oh, sweet co-ed! Oh, college maid!
The one we went to serenade.
Oh, star-lit night!
Oh, glimpse of white,
At the window overhead!
Back, through the years
Of smiles and tears,
I'll dream of that rare co-ed.

VERSES AND JINGLES

MY EMMALEEN

From "Peggy from Paris."

Let de boat swing down de ribber ;
Ah! swing, ah! swing away!
Can't afford to leave mah only,
So heah I'm gwine to stay.
All de coons along de water-front am tryin'
Foh to steal mah Emmaleen,
To dislocate mah happy home
And grab dis yellow queen.

REFRAIN

Lovey, my dovey dove
Ham-bone can't compaih.
Peppehmint and wintehgreen
Not so sweet as Emmaleen.

I can say to all mah troubles,
"Ah! fly, ah! fly away!"
When I'm sitting by mah only,
That's whah I'd like to stay.
Got a voice as sweet as New Ohleans molasses
An' I'll gamble you ain't seen
Such incandescent 'lectric eyes
As those of Emmaleen.

VERSES AND JINGLES

THE GAMES WE USED TO PLAY. 2

From "The Sho-Gun."

Back in the golden days of youth,
On a farm in I-o-way;
Happiest days of all were they,—
If you don't care what you say.
Nothing to do but milk the cows,
And feed the gentle stock,
And work like a Turk from early morn
Till nearly eight o'clock.
The only joy of the country boy,
To fill his soul with glee,
On a frosty night, when the moon shone bright,
Away to the husking bee.

*Go to the East, go to the West,
Go to the one that you love best;
If she's not here to take your part,
Choose another with all your heart.
Down on this carpet you must kneel
As sure's the grass grows in the field,
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet,
And then you rise upon your feet.*

VERSES AND JINGLES

Oft' I recall the girl I loved,
In the days of long ago;
Muscular maid of six feet two,
With a cheek of rosy glow.
I would escort my Genevieve
To many a husking bee,
And she at the call of "ladies choice"
Would always grab for me.
With a sudden swoop and a merry whoop,
She'd mop me 'round the floor,
And though I'd resist, I was always kissed,
Sing hey, for the days of yore!

*I think I hear the rain-crow say,
I think I hear the rain-crow say,
I think I hear the rain-crow say,
"It ain't a-goin' to rain no more."
Swing your true love, swing her back again,
Swing your true love, swing her back again,
Swing your true love, swing her back again,
It ain't a-goin' to rain no more.*

Best of the pleasures that we knew,
In the days that now have fled,
Snuggled so warm and holding hands,
In the big old-time bob-sled.
Calico damsels just as proud
As any queen in silk,

VERSES AND JINGLES

And we didn't take them out to dine,
They lived on mush and milk.
But the noisy fun when the work was done,
And the cider flowing free,
With a "balance all," at the fiddler's call,
We'd swing in the jamboree.

I long and sigh for the days gone by,
I pine for the rustic charm
Of the dear old games, the queer old games
We played down on the farm.

"NOOVO RISHE"

Written for "The Old Town." Sent back. Too libelous.

Mrs. B.:

From out a cañon in the West I came with colors
flying,
To meet the people known as "best," or strain my-
self while trying;
I know I'm handicapped by fate, and shy on
social training,
Though I got off a trifle late, I'm going some
and gaining.

VERSES AND JINGLES

Jo-ann of Arc once set a mark that caused a lot
of talk,

But give me room to start a boom, I'll beat her
in a walk.

A woman who is nifty, who is up to date and
shifty,

Can start the game at fifty, with millions at her
call.

CHORUS

This matron is possessed of nerve, and very wide
awake.

Mrs. B.:

I'll study ev'ry social curve and overcome each
break.

I am wild to be like Marie Antoinette

With a grand *saloon* for just the toppy set;

I would like to say, "*Mon ami-Voulez vous com-
prenez jammy*"

Which is all the French that I have learned as yet.

It has also been my very ardent wish,

To stand in line along with Mrs. Fish.

I am tired of hotel cooking, for a Newport house
I'm looking,

And I want to get away from all the *noovo rishe*.

Mrs. B.:

We landed in the great big town, without a maid
or valey,

VERSES AND JINGLES

Each evening we strolled up and down that gorgeous peacock alley.

The elevator man was nice, the waiters were congenial:

But still we didn't cut much ice, unless we tipped a menial.

We'd see the bunch come in to lunch, they called it *day-jho-nay*,

I made a vow that I somehow would know them all some day.

A woman who is clever, and works each social lever,

Must bide her time and never be worried by a snub.

CHORUS

This matron started in to climb, it was a fearful task.

Mrs. B.:

I met the proper sort in time, if any one should ask.

I am trying hard to shake my western burr

And a woman's hired to make me talk like her.

When I'm seated at a table I am proud to say I'm able,

To pick out each kind of fork without a slur.

I have learned that if I wish to be "katish"

And to occupy a really good posish,

VERSES AND JINGLES

I must be *persona gratin* to the blue blood of
Manhattan,
So I long to get away from all the *noovo rishe*.

LOVE, YOU MUST BE BLIND

From "The Sho-Gun."

Tell me if you can, the rule by which a man
Selects his worse or better half.
Truly it would seem to be a lott'ry scheme,
The prizes often make one laugh.

The woman slim and thin and tall,
Will love a human butter ball;
While one who's round and plump and fat,
Adores some one as tall as *that*.
The author of a learned book,
Is sometimes wedded to his cook;
The girl who's frivolous and gay,
Picks out a meek Y. M. C. A.
The statesman with ambition high,
Will choose a social butterfly;
The Charley kind of mamma's pet
Pursues the elderly soubrette.
You've seen the beauty linked by fate
To freckled Fred, whose eyes don't mate.

VERSES AND JINGLES

The broker worships as a queen,
The blonde who plays a Smith machine.

The howling swell will court a peach,
All paint and powder, pads and bleach;
And dainty Dottie, small and neat,
Loves awkward John, all hands and feet.
The man who sixty years has seen,
Gets mashed on something just sixteen;
The stylish maid, divinely fair,
A fiddling freak with lots of hair.
A well-bred heiress will elope
With one who uses scented soap;
While gray-haired widows oft amaze
By taking tender boys to raise.
The pious deacon gets roped in
By Gertie gay, who wants his tin;
The kind that wholesale men adore,
Don't know that two and two make four.

Cupid leaves all rules behind
Funny married folks we find,
Love, ah, Love! you *must* be blind.

VERSES AND JINGLES

BENEVOLENT ASSIMILATION ✓

*From "The Sultan of Sulu." Sung by a chorus of
American soldiers.*

We haven't the appearance, goodness knows,
Of plain commercial men;
From a hasty glance, you might suppose
We are fractious now and then.
But though we come in warlike guise
And battle-front arrayed,
It's all a business enterprise —
We're seeking foreign trade.

We want to assimilate, if we can,
Our brother who is brown;
We love our dusky fellow-man
And we hate to hunt him down.
So, when we perforate his frame,
We want him to be good.
We shoot at him to make him tame,
If he but understood.

REFRAIN

We're as mild as any turtle-dove
When we see the foe a-coming,
Our thoughts are set on human love
When we hear the bullets humming.

VERSES AND JINGLES

We teach the native population
What the golden rule is like,
And we scatter public education
On ev'ry blasted hike!

SHE'S JUST A LITTLE DIFFERENT

From "The Sho-Gun."

In a wood lived Brother Rabbit,
Of a most flirtatious habit,
He would wag his ears at ev'ry Bunny that he'd
meet.
No one in the world of fashion,
Thought him capable of passion
Till one day he up and took a little wife so
sweet.
On the wedding day his sister
Met the happy bride and kissed her,
But like ev'ry sister she was doubtful of the
match.
For she whispered to her brother,
"I'd have chosen any other,
She is not entitled to the season's only catch."
Brother Rabbit simply said;
"She's the one I want to wed;

VERSES AND JINGLES

And to all who ask me why,
I can only make reply:
'She's just a little diff'rent from the others that I
know,
Her smile is more beguiling and her voice is soft
and low.
No other may discover why I dote upon her so,
She's just a little diff'rent from the others that
I know.'"

Brother Rabbit doubtless knew some
Friends who came with faces grewsome,
Saying to him, "Well, old man, it seems a great
mistake;
For this most designing Bunny
Simply took you for your money,
We are sorry you have made this matrimonial
break."
I suppose that each relation
Showed a certain hesitation,
When it came to throwing rice and wishing
longest life;
And when I, like Brother Rabbit,
Seek your hand and quickly grab it,
All my friends will wonder why I chose you for
my wife.
To these skeptics I will say
"She has won my heart away;

VERSES AND JINGLES

And if you would ask me why,
I can only make reply :

‘ She’s just a little diff’rent, etc.’ ”

OH, WHAT A BUMP!

*From “ The Sultan of Sulu.” Sung by Mr. Jones, Col.
Budd and Ki-Ram, the Sultan.*

JONES

At a musicale, a five-o’clock,
Or social jamboree,
’Tis there the swagger people flock
For a bite and a sip of tea ;
And this is what you hear :
“ It’s been a charming afternoon ;
Delighted, don’t you know ;
Sorry I have to leave so soon,
But really I must go.”
But after she’s away
In her coupé,
What does this self-same woman say?

KI-RAM AND BUDD

Well, what *does* she say?

VERSES AND JINGLES

JONES

“ That was the tackiest time I’ve had
In twenty years or more.
The crowd was jay and the tea was bad
And the whole affair a bore! ”

TRIO

Oh, what a bump! Alackaday!
’Twould darken her whole career,
Could the hostess know what people say
When she’s not there to hear.

BUDD

The bashful youth who’s rather slow
When he has made a call,
Receives a message, soft and low,
At parting in the hall.
And this is what she says:
“ Now come as often as you can.
I love these little larks.
It’s seldom that I meet a man
Who makes such bright remarks.”
But when he tears away
From this fairy fay,
What does the artful maiden say?

VERSES AND JINGLES

KI-RAM AND JONES

Well, what *does* she say?

BUDD

“Of all the dummies I ever met
He’s the limit, and no mistake.
As a touch-me-not and mamma’s pet,
That Johnnie takes the cake.”

TRIO

Oh, what a bump! Alackaday!
’Twould darken his whole career,
Could Harold know what Mabel says
When he’s not there to hear.

KI-RAM

Did you ever feel like saying —!
When some precocious brat
Recites a piece called “Mary’s Lamb”
Or “Little Pussy Cat”?
And this is what you say:
“What marvelous talent she does possess
For one of her tender age.
I think she’d make a great success
If you’d put her on the stage.”

VERSES AND JINGLES

But later in the day,
When you get away,
What do you then proceed to say?

BUDD AND JONES

Well, what *do* you say?

KI-RAM

“If that awful kid belonged to me,
I’ll tell you what I’d do —
I’d keep it under lock and key
And spank it black and blue.”

TRIO

Oh, what a bump! Alackaday!
’Twould darken the child’s career,
Could parents know what callers say
When they’re not there to hear.

JONES

Perhaps the most terrific bump
Is found in politics.
The campaign speaker on the stump
Is up to all the tricks,
And this is what he says:

VERSES AND JINGLES

“ Oh, fellow-citizens, I see
Before me here to-day
The sovereign voters, pure and free,
Whom I shall e'er obey.”
But when he's won the race,
Gets a nice, fat place,
What does the people's servant say?

KI-RAM AND BUDD

Well, what *does* he say?

JONES

“ Well, maybe I didn't con those yaps
With that patriotic bluff.
Now that I've landed one of the snaps,
I'm going to get the stuff.”

TRIO

Oh, what a bump! Alackaday!
'Twould darken their whole career,
Could voters know what bosses say
When they're not there to hear.

VERSES AND JINGLES

THE IRREPRESSIBLE YANK✓

From "The Sho-Gun." Sung by Mr. Spangle, the American promoter.

Wherever British drumbeats sound,
Unending 'round the world;
Wherever in some land new-found,
Our starry flag's unfurled;
Where'er the sun is known to shine,
Or winds consent to blow,
These nimble countrymen of mine,
On business errands go.

In southern isles, where nature smiles,
They sell the "ham what am."

Upon some cliff of Teneriffe
You'll read, "Don't be a clam."

In England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales,
We show our goods and make our sales,
No other drummer can outrank
The bold and enterprising Yank.

REFRAIN

Yankee, Yankee, Yankee, Yankee, Irrepressible
Yank,

A regular traveling board of trade,
And a two-legged sort of a bank,

VERSES AND JINGLES

If you deal with him and don't get left,
Your lucky stars you'll thank.

This Yankee, Yankee, Yankee, Yankee, Irre-
pressible Yank.

We under-bid the foreign trade,
Wherever we may roam;
Our largest profit's always made
On what we sell at home.
In foreign lands we've left behind
The German and the Scotch,
Each Zulu warrior now can wind
His Waterbury watch.

In Tokio, and Borneo,
And where Euphrates winds,
The natives munch each day for lunch,
Our fifty-seven kinds.
In Egypt now the Arab chief,
Goes armed with cans of potted beef;
And rides, instead of camels slow,
An auto car from Kokomo.

The savage in the jungle deep
We corner in his lair;
And sell at prices very cheap,
Our new health underwear.
And where the borealis gleams
Amid the ice and snow,

VERSES AND JINGLES

We work some very foxy schemes
Upon the Eskimo.
In Mandalay and Uruguay,
And o'er the Andes range,
Each distant spot, through us has got
A telephone exchange.
In Singapore and Zanzibar,
We plant the merry trolley car,
And Honolulu now has seen
Our nickel-in-the-slot machine.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

*Written for the National Convention of the Sigma Chi
fraternity at Jamestown, Virginia, 1907.*

You'll recall, if you're strong on historical stuff,
The name of that highly deluded old fluff
Who chartered a schooner and sailed o'er the sea —
Long after Columbus, but long before me —
Through primeval forests he went on a quest
Of the fountain of youth lying far to the west;
For it seems that a sailor, who knew how to string,
Had told this old man of a magical spring,
Which would change any withered emeritus prof
To a lusty and vigorous freshman or soph.

VERSES AND JINGLES

So he came and he searched — oh, you *must* know
his name,

The text-books have boomed him and given him
fame;

Was it Balboa? No. Or De Soto? Great Scott!

All the Ridpath I studied I quickly forgot. *L*

No matter — he firmly believed in the myth —

It was *not* Hendrik Hudson or Captain John
Smith —

Hold on! *Ponce de Leon!* I knew it would
come —

He thought that this fountain of youth would help
some;

So he landed and built on the Jacksonville line

A high-priced hotel that is still doing fine.

Then he said to his followers, “Boys, on your way;

I must run down that fountain without much delay,

For I’m just about in — I’m a thing of the past,

And unless I’m patched up, I’m afraid I can’t last.”

Now the histories tell that his search was in vain

And instead of returning in triumph to Spain,

A cocky young blade of about twenty-three;

He got lost in the mountains of east Tennessee;

Got stung by mosquitoes — which gave him the

shakes —

Got shot at by Injuns and hissed at by snakes;

Got tired and disgusted; got most everything

Except the address of that wonderful spring.

VERSES AND JINGLES

So he took the back trail through the jungle and
brake,
Convinced that the mariner's yarn was a fake;
And he died in the orthodox manner, we're told,
Which is often the finish of those who grow old.

PART SECOND

The sequel, I'm certain, you never have heard.
It is mystical, fanciful, never occurred;
It is supposititious — a very good word —
It is purely fictitious — but still it's a *bird*.
They buried the shell of this doughty old don,
But his resolute spirit kept marching right on;
The ghostly, intangible knight of Castile
Continued the search with persistence and zeal.
Through years and through decades and centuries
too,
He roamed through the hemisphere still known as
new,
And sought, with Diogenes' patience, the spring
Where Methusaleh might, as a giddy young thing
Have continued to bloom for a thousand years more
Until old Father Time would get tired keeping
score.
He was kept rather busy, for ev'ry few days
He would read in a folder the unstinted praise

VERSES AND JINGLES

Of this or that spring with a five-dollar rate,
Which would cure almost any disease while you
wait.

Each one, from Mt. Clemens to far Manitou
Guaranteed to make old people look just like new.
So he tested them all, and at every resort,
He found people drinking the stuff by the quart;
But at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and even French
Lick

They were old and shot-up and disabled and sick;
Not one of them happy and hearty and young;
All lean and dyspeptic — with fur on the tongue.
Can you blame him for doubting the absolute truth
Of the legend regarding the fountain of youth?
Wherever he journeyed, this rule seemed to hold:
That the young must be young and the old must
be old.

In nineteen-ought-seven he came to a spot
Way down in Virginia — the weather was hot —
The time was midsummer; the flags were unfurled,
And tourists were flocking from half of the world.
There were strange foreign people of most every
race,

And Ponce thought he'd struck a new watering-
place;

Though he judged from the hurrah and laughter
and fun

That twenty "resorts" had been rolled into one.

VERSES AND JINGLES

He sought the headquarters for all of the noise
And there he discovered a great crowd of boys,
All seated at tables, and whooping it up
While quenching their thirst from a big loving-cup,
Which never ran empty, though score upon score
Drank deep and drank often and clamored for
more.

And strange to relate, as the cup went around,
The old boys began to get up and expound;
They laughed at the jokes and they joined in each
song

And if trouble was started they helped it along.
For would you believe it, though some in that room
Seemed old and decrepit and marked for the tomb,
The magical cup took them back to their teens
By some supernatural method or means;
Until doctor, professor and lawyer and sage,
Arrived at a most irresponsible age.
The traveler came to our most worthy "C"
And politely requested the prize recipe:
"Pray tell me what fluid your flagon may hold,
That brings crimson youth to the weary and old."
The consul gave answer: "To tell you the truth,
We're simply imbibing the Spirit of Youth;
Our own preparation, we keep it on tap
And furnish it freely to ev'ry good chap;
He drinks, and his boyhood returns on the fly,
It's a pure food concoction, and called 'Sigma
Chi.'"

VERSES AND JINGLES

I LIKE YOU, LIL —

From "Peggy from Paris."

*city
dialect*

I t'ought I was hep to the whole string o' fairies
Not one o' the bunch could put me to the bad;
I'd mingled a lot with your Mauds and your Car-
ries,

If one tried to kid she was sorry she had.
But ev'ry fly mug gets it sooner or later,
I know that this calico game is no cinch
Since I met at the ten, twent an' t'irty t'eater
The cause of me trouble, Miss Lily Ann Lynch.

When I caught a flash me, the real Foxy Quiller!
Thinks I to meself, "Lily Ann, you're *all* right;"
I says to the gang: "Watch me stroll up and kill
'er,

I'll cop out that princess,—she's mine from to-
night."

But sa-a-y when I tried to get new wit' Miss Lily,
She come back so hard, me *kazing!* — to the mat;
An' now I'm as tame as a clothin' store Willie,
She's got me trained proper, take my word for
that.

Lil, I like you, Lil, I do,
I don't mind tellin' this to you.

VERSES AND JINGLES

It's no case o' stringin', Lil
For you've got me wingin', still
I like you, Lil, for fair.

LITTLE MOOZOO-MAY

From "The Sho-Gun."

The rose of June can feel no sorrow,
It never droops or says "Ah me!"
It never sees a sad to-morrow,
But greets each day with rapture free.
Why should a girl so young and charming,
Be less confiding than the rose?
For me this life holds naught alarming,
Each morning will new joys disclose.
I'm like the rose that blooms in June.
I give no thought to afternoon.
Like a rosebud red I can hang my head,
I can sway and pose like the drooping rose.
But I'm not the flow'r of a passing hour,
I'm a happy little singing girl,
I'm a jolly, pleasure-bringing girl.

REFRAIN

Dainty little Moozoo-May,
Clever little Moozoo-May,

VERSES AND JINGLES

When the *shamosen* I'm playing,
Come the men from far and near;
Most bewitching Moozoo-May,
Quite entrancing Moozoo-May,
Fascinating, captivating,
Little Moozoo-May.

The rose of June is not retiring,
It wears a manner most serene,
And smiles on other buds aspiring
To be as lovely as their queen.
Why should a girl of matchless beauty,
Her many charming traits disown?
If she excels it is her duty
To lift her head and bloom alone.
I'm like the rose in this respect.
A fragrant thing without defect.
Like a rosebud red I can hang my head,
I can sway and pose like the drooping rose.
But I'm not the flow'r of a passing hour,
I'm a happy little singing girl,
I'm a jolly, pleasure-bringing girl.

VERSES AND JINGLES

I AM "YOURS TRULY"

From "The Sho-Gun."

How often in this careless life
A word but lightly spoken,
By magic of a love sincere,
Becomes a blessed token.
The formal message that I send to you
Would thrill your very soul if you but knew,
That ev'ry word I write is more than true —
"I am, I am yours truly."

REFRAIN

I am, I am yours truly,
And will be ever more,
The meaning of those simple words
I never knew before.
Time cannot change my deep devotion,
Steadfast my heart shall be,
I am, I am yours truly,
My soul belongs to thee!

The words we speak in idle jest
Our secret thoughts are screening,
Exchanging vows of deep concern
In terms that have no meaning.

VERSES AND JINGLES

And yet, at times, the clasp of friendly hand
Appeals far more than duty's loud command.
And so I pray that she may understand,
I am, I am hers truly.

FLUTTER, LITTLE BIRD

From "The Sho-Gun."

I

Observe the loving mother bird,
Up in the spreading tree,
Correct with stern but loving word,
Her tender chickadee.
The feathered youngster tries to flap
His embryonic wings,
While mother cheers the little chap,
As to the bough he clings.
He makes a most heroic jump,
Alas, it is in vain,
She says: "Don't mind a little bump,
Just try it once again."

Flutter, little bird and keep on trying,
By and by you will be flying;
You can do it, take my word,
Keep on fluttering, little bird.

VERSES AND JINGLES

II

At dinner parties you have met
Young Mister Parvenu,
Who views the knives and forks and spoons,
And wonders what to do.
He eats the blue points with a spoon,
For fish he'll use a knife,
He can't pick out the salad fork,
To save his mortal life.
At last the *demi tasse* is served,
A la *Martin's*, New York,
The only tool that he has left,
One lonely oyster fork.

Flutter, little bird and keep on trying,
By and by you will be flying;
Watch the hostess, mum's the word,
Keep on fluttering, little bird.

III

You've seen the man from up the road,
With lots of ready cash;
Who takes a suite at ten per day
And hopes to cut a dash.
His dinner coat is very short,
His hat is very high,

VERSES AND JINGLES

The fourteen karat stud he wears,
Will blind each passer-by.
But ignorance with him is bliss,
And he's a happy man,
Although his tie is ready-made,
And shoes are russet tan.

Flutter, little bird and keep on trying,
By and by you will be flying;
All beginners look absurd,
Keep on fluttering, little bird.

IV

The woman who is up-to-date,
Must join a reading club,
Where matrons meet to analyze,
The popular flub-dub.
It's hard on Mrs. Malaprop,
Who used to be a cook,
And until hubby struck it rich,
Had never read a book.
She thinks that Kipling wrote "Beaucaire,"
And can't get in her head,
Why Shakespeare doesn't write more books,—
She doesn't know he's dead.

Flutter, little bird and keep on trying,
By and by you will be flying;

VERSES AND JINGLES

Clubs are helpful, so I've heard,
Keep on fluttering, little bird.

V

Though politics may loudly buzz
Each candidate has vowed
To seldom think, and if he does,
To never think out loud.

He simply sits in solemn state
And lets his friends explain
That he's the only candidate
Who's truly safe and sane.

He has a very deep regard
For ev'ry son of toil.
And yet he would not be too hard
On friends of Standard Oil.

Flutter, little bird and keep on trying,
By and by you will be flying;
Just look wise — don't say a word,
Keep on fluttering, little bird.

VI

Of all the birds that fly the air,
The jay-bird is the best;
He comes from almost anywhere
Out in the boundless west.

VERSES AND JINGLES

He wants to learn to speculate,
The ticker he would beat;
He strikes a most terrific gait,
And dazzles all the street.
He causes all the stocks to jump
Until there comes a day,
When some wise bird decides to dump
And that's the end of Jay.

Flutter, little bird and keep on trying,
By and by you will be flying;
Though you're long on Steel Preferred,
Keep on fluttering, little bird.

HENNY

From "Peggy from Paris."

One day I went to a Saengerfest
On the banks of the dear old Rhine.
I wore a badge upon my breast
Of the Sweinburg Turn-Verein
The band was playing a *lieber* tune
And the music was soft and sweet,
I heard the sound of that bassoon
And my heart began to beat.

VERSES AND JINGLES

My Henny played a Solo
That day on the beautiful Rhine,
And while he played *hi-lee, hi-lo*,
He won this heart of mine.

REFRAIN

Henny, oh, Henny, come to me,
Across the wet and salty sea.
I'm longing for the happy day
When I can hear my Henny play:

Du, du, ligst mir im herzen,
Du, du, ligst mir im sinn.

I lost my heart when I heard that tune
That Henny played on his big bassoon.

My Henny he was a chubby boy
And his eyes they were baby blue.
For months he was my pride and joy
And I thought his love was true.
One night I strolled in the public park
For I hoped to find him there.
I heard from out the woods so dark
That old familiar air.
My Henny played a solo
That night on the beautiful Rhine
And seated close beside him was
A lady friend of mine.

VERSES AND JINGLES

REFRAIN

Henny, oh, Henny, what a blow,
My lady friend she stole my beau.
Weeping and sad I turned away
And as I went I heard him play :

*Du, du, ligst mir im herzen,
Du, du, ligst mir im sinn.*

My heart it broke when I heard the tune
That Henny played on his big bassoon.

EVERY-DAY HAPPENINGS IN BLANKEST VERSE

From The Chicago Record — 1898.

CHICAGO CASTANETS

Through all the moving thoroughfares
And in the contending marts of trade;
Within the babbling magazines and
Even as I rode the surcharged vehicles
Which rolled at dizzy onwardness
Without the impulse of the harnessed steed;
During the waking hours, bewhiles
I battled with the reckless wind

VERSES AND JINGLES

And closed my eyes against the tossing clouds
Of vitrified disturbance, soot, dust,
Tattered papyrus and all the medleyed rubbish
Of the city's ways;
All this time, as I again declare,
And likewise in the night, when I,
In company with high-ti revelers,
Did run with bunches of anticipation
Toward the gleaming letters far above
The portals of Thespis' temple;
And later yet, when all we creatures of the night
Did seek our warm retreats
To feast on rabbits, explosive salads
And the clammy crabmeat of commerce;
All during this long while, as I do now
Most solemnly and fearfully asseverate,
There came to my ear, with never pause,
A soft and hollow rattle.
At times, methought, 'twas like the
Spilling of many dead men's bones
In the adjoining vault. Again,
It seemed more like the tapping
Of distant castanets — a dream
Of dark-eyed Spanish women, soiled and superb,
Who moved in jerky measures while
The yellow dust rose to obscure
The fierce colors. But, truth to tell,
'Twas neither. Clickety-click, clickety-click,

VERSES AND JINGLES

I heard it yet again, and I asked:
“Is this some dread distemper of the brain,
Some fungus growth in my imaginings?
Do I alone of mortal men distinguish
This smothered clatter, hidden, elusive?”
When I did full relate my fears
To the good Æsculapius, he said:
“Fear not; ’twas actual sound you heard,
And you are not, as you might well suppose,
Entirely separated from your trolley.”
Continuing, then, with kindly air, he told:
“The tiny rattling sounds which do attend
You and all others in this wintry clime,
Are the concussions of the quinine pellet
Tossing within its pasteboard cage;
For know you well that all men,
Likewise the women and the tender young,
The aged and infirm no more than those
Who claim youth’s lusty strength,
The plain and eke the fair,
The rich and humble, frugal and
Improvident, all, all, carry concealed
The potent ammunition of the season;
And as they move upon their daily
Occupations, you hear from underneath
Their woolen garments, toward the Jaeger depths,
Muffled and yet distinct, and always rhythmical,
‘Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click,’

VERSES AND JINGLES

The tattoo of the quinine pellet.
Join all the others — take my solemn tip,
Prepare to meet thine enemy, the grip."

THE STEWED SAMARITAN

Within a house of public entertainment
There sat an ebon slave close at the foot
Of a heavy chair topping a broad dais.
The man sat motionless, gazing pensive
At nothingness, yet all the while
He thought of numbers. Thus to sit
And think was, so his master averred,
One of the best things he did.
While he was so benumbed and lost
In fruitless meditation, there came,
Stepping heavily and breathing most loud,
A traveler in gay attire, who chanced to be
At this, the period of our simple tale,
The custodian, guard, manager, executor,
Captain, director and immediate chief
Of a comely and well-developed jag.
With a proprietary and assertive air
He climbed into the seat of honor,
And, with thick utterance, and, be it said,
A slack politeness, bade the Senegambian
Remove from his sandals all trace of stain
Or disfiguration. Promptly the youth obeyed,
And when his task was ended

VERSES AND JINGLES

The generous traveler laid within
The dusky palm a silver quartern,
And, with yammering utterance, asked
The simple child of Afric' far transported
To lead him to the barber's velvet seat.
Lying at ease within the odored room,
He slept in peace the while he yet received
Kindly caresses and vapory ablution.
Roused and sent forth, he viewed,
As he stepped high to pass the threshold,
The ebon youth once more contemplative
And talking to himself. "What ho!"
The liquorish pilgrim cried, "What ho!
Attend upon me! Help me to the chair!"
With mercenary speed the youth obeyed;
With honeyed words he answered all the taunts
And alcoholic cracks. Again he cleansed
The scandals, which, ere he began a second time
To cleanse, shone bright as any cuirass.
With simulated humbleness he bowed
As he received once more a silver piece;
Then, with a gentleness which well
Bespoke a tender and a helpful disposition,
He led the traveler back into the shop
And spread him on a chair.
"A shave!" huskily cried the stranger,
Then lapsed he into deep forgetfulness,
Until they shook him rudely and collected.

VERSES AND JINGLES

Now once again behold the jag-ged man,
Pallid with powder, reeking with hammamelis,
Seeking, circuitously and with serpentine
Meanderings to find the door leading to the place
Where he could have his sandals cleaned.
“Thrice welcome!” cried the ebon youth, merrily,
Boosting him, meanwhile, to the throne.
What visions filled th’ Ethiopian’s brain
Of pork chops, chicken, carmine neckwear
And the blood raw! With dreamy eyes
The pilgrim gazed upon the busy slave and tried,
With uncertain effort, to recall where
Or when he had seen that face before.
Thus dimly balmed in thought, he
Closed his eyes and soon thereafter drooped
And rolled most calmly to the floor below.
Now see him, under the brawny arm
Of the Celt, attending as house policeman,
Carried to where the wind blows free;
And the ebon youth, sad and regretful,
Philosophizing among the dead embers of hope,
Recalling that in this vale of disappointment
A good thing comes and seems inclined to stay
’Till Fate shows up and chases it away.

A BUSINESS DEAL

An ancient joker, grizzled and half-bald,
With the outward seeming and the attire

VERSES AND JINGLES

Of a devout deacon, and yet possessing
The frolicsome nature of an unbroken colt,
Pushed soft his entrance to a long day coach.
The same, to make the purpose of the tale,
Was well-nigh filled with passengers
Of all degrees. "Where shall I sit?"
Thus asked the ancient joker, for, in truth,
His sweeping glance discovered no place
Vacant. Until at last! Ah, there!
Beside a buxom woman, well removed
From the endangered age of coquetry
And whose condens-ed features made
A chaperon a superfluity, there sat
A dog. The woman and the canine thus
Doubly held down a cushioned seat
Meant for two human beings.
"To stand or not to stand?
That is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to suffer
The crampy leg aches and the jolty motion
Or to take chances with the heavy female
And oust the dog?"
Not overlong he waited, for he knew
That sweet diplomacy might win a cause
Which harsh attack would lose.
Gently he lifted then the limber brute
And sat he where the dog had sat before,
And to the matron's cold astonishment

VERSES AND JINGLES

He turned a smile, oily and melting
In its sublime benevolence.
Upon his knee he held the dog, stroking,
With unpracticed hand, the wiry coat,
And then he spoke. "Madam," quoth he.
"Full many a league, in this and foreign lands,
Have I, your servant, wandered,
But never in my wide perambulations
Have I beheld a dog of any breed
More pleasing to my eye than this one."
'Twas a judicious lie, for well he knew
The cur had neither pedigree nor value.
"Listen!" he said. "In my far-distant home
I have a niece, a dimpled little thing,
Who craves a true companion.
If I could take this dog to her
Methinks I now can hear her cry with joy
And note her glad amazement.
This dog I must possess, and now,
In furtherance of what I most desire,
I offer you one hundred dollars for him."
Delight and fright worked for supremacy
Within the ample figure of that dame.
Moved by the subtle flattery she was,
And yet alarmed to know that any one
Should covet thus her chief possession.
"Alas, I dare not part with him," she said.
"My husband loves him. Should I now return

VERSES AND JINGLES

Without the household pet
'Twould wrench his heart."

"What say you then to fifty dollars more?"
Urged the persistent one. "My niece,
My little, bright-eyed darling relative,
Must have this dog."

"Tempt me not!" cried the woman,
And speaking thus she gazed
More infinitely fond than e'er before
Upon the fice. "I'll give two hundred."

"Ah, now, methinks, you play upon my avarice,"
The woman said. "At the next station
I must leave you. Better than life itself
I love this little dog; but then — alack-a-day!
Two hundred takes him!"

"Good! He is mine! One word, however,
Relating to the terms of this transaction.
Two hundred dollars is the price I give,
But not in paltry gold or silver, mind you."
"What, then?" she asked, and as she spoke
The whistle blew the signal for the station.
"With your permission, madam, I will pay
In Maltese cats worth eighty dollars each."
Too full of wrath to answer him
She fled, pressing the dear one to her bosom.
The ancient joker watched her mad retreat
And said, "I lose the dog but keep the seat."





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